

## TYPICAL OF FIFTH AVENUE'S BEST



From among the lovely things shown on Fifth-ave these hats typical of the most popular styles. The big hat is a rich affair designed for afternoon wear. It is a plat of chiffon velvet curving downward at each side, and showered with half curled ostrich shaded at the tips. The smart little turban is one of those happy creations which can be worn by its owner to almost any time of day. It is built of velvet, fur and ostrich.

## Woman's Page

## Dorothy Dix Talks

DO MEN IDEALIZE THEIR WIVES?

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

In a recent book in which he discusses the phenomena of love in man, a learned psychologist says:

"Unless a man believes with all his heart and soul that the woman for whom he cares is the most beautiful, the most wonderful and exquisite creature in the whole world, he does not really love her, and has not let her take complete possession of his mind, his imagination, and his senses."

The fateful and ominous words, the dictum of one who has spent years studying this subject, will send every married woman hot-foot to her looking glass, and what she sees there will leave her wondering whether she should call in the services of an alienist for her husband, or beat him in a race to the divorce court.

For facts are facts, and there is no use in blinking them. Mirrors do not lie, and if her husband thinks that she is the most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most exquisite creature in the whole world he is undoubtedly looney. And, according to the psychologist, if

he does not think her a Lillian Russell, and Billie Burke and Maude Adams he doesn't love her.

For the average married woman doesn't kid herself into thinking that she is either beautiful, wonderful or exquisite. She realizes with a fatal certitude that so far as being a living picture she is more like the "before taking" portrait in a patent medicine advertisement, and that no judge of female pulchritude would even give her a look in at a beauty show.

The vast majority of women know their own number pretty accurately and have no illusions about their having charms they do not possess. Nor have they under the delusions that they have their husbands so hypnotized that the gentlemen do not see them as they are.

The women with a feather bed figure, and triple chin, does not imagine herself a svelte goddess, nor does she believe for a single moment that her husband thinks her as willowy and graceful as a beauty show at the Folies.

These women are well aware that if their husbands had imaginations so active that they saw slenderness and golden tresses, and peaches and cream complexions where there was fat and grizzled hair, and dulness, that poor hubby was the victim of a hallucination that was bound to land him in the padded cell of a lunatic asylum.

Thus the theory that a man who truly loves must see a woman as she does not exist, and a tribute to her qualities she does not have, will fill women with horror and dismay. It leaves them no alternative between marrying men who are, so to speak, "bug houses," or else marrying men who, seeing them as mere human, faulty females can only give them a pale, lukewarm affection that no wife would really want.

Undoubtedly the idealistic faculty is more highly developed in men than it is in women. All of the great poets and prophets have been men. It is men who have referred to women as angels and thrown a halo of romance about the female sex.

Still, while men have liked to look at women as a whole through the rosy medium of their fancy, it is doubtful if they have ever idealized the individual woman particularly, or that any man has ever thought his own wife a paragon of perfection.

Most men lack an imagination robust enough to do this. Beside which men, as a sex, are taught to see straight, and to judge accurately. There are certain standards of beauty and intelligence that a woman must meet to be rated a good looking, or clever, or unless a woman can, in the slang of the day, deliver the goods, no man is going to think her a Venus or a Minerva, no matter how much he might like to.

To a sane mind it would seem impossible for a man not to be able to distinguish between a sallow complexion and a rose leaf skin; between avoirdupois and willowiness; between sympathy and narrowness; between broad culture and stupidity; between subtlety and commonplaceness. For a man not to be able to tell which woman possesses each of these characteristics is, indeed, to believe that love is blind. Also daffy.

Yet all these women get married and And the women who are beautiful, wonderful, and exquisite, land in the divorce court quite as often as their homely, heavy, dull sisters.

It does not follow that because a man thinks a woman pretty that he falls in love with her, for beauty often leaves the heart untouched. Nor does it necessarily follow that a man would prefer a Dresden china woman to one whom he perceived to be good serviceable delft. The very exquisite-ness of a woman may repel instead of attract a man. That isn't the type of wife they admire or desire. All human experience goes to prove that it is not necessary to idealize an individual in order to love him or her. On the contrary the very blessedness of love is that it can realize all the faults and defects in the one it loves, and still love on.

No. The love that lasts is not built on delusions. It says, "with all thy faults I love thee still," and "a poor thing, but mine own."

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## CHURCHES

## ENGLISH LUTHERAN.

At the evening services Rev. Olson spoke upon the text for the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, which is found in Matt. 22, and relates of the incident when the Sadducees and Pharisees tried to entangle Jesus with catch questions. Both factions were silenced by the profound answers of the Master.

The Sadducees were the first ones to try their hand at tricking the despised Nazarene with a catch question. They were the so-called skeptics of that day; the ones who denied the existence of angels and refuted the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. They also denied the greater part of the old Testament, only accepting the five books, called the Pentateuch. They were the higher critics of that age. When we recall their skepticism, we are reminded of the truth uttered by Solomon, when he states that nothing new appears under the sun. The popular rationalistic hodge-podge that is handed out to the world in our day in the form of higher criticism is simply a rebash of ages past. How sad that so many unthinking souls reach out their mouths and gobble it down as delicious new truths. But we need never grow pessimistic as to the outcome. Christianity always vindicates itself, even as Christ in our text silenced his opponents with his divine truth. The Sadducees tell Jesus the story of a woman married to a man who died soon after marriage. She then, according to Mosaic custom and law married the deceased one's brother; he also died. She married a third brother, and so kept on, one after the other dying until she had married the seventh brother.

er. Now, on resurrection morning which one will be the husband of the wife? He answered them by saying that in heaven there will be no marriage, and in the answer infers that if they were not so ignorant of the scriptures they would not come with such a nonsensical question. They simply tried to ridicule the doctrine of the resurrection.

When the Pharisees heard that Jesus had triumphed in argument with the Sadducees, they felt it necessary to try their hand at entangling Him. One of their expert religious law expounders was sent with the question, as to which was the greatest commandment? This was not an easy matter to decide when we recall that the Pharisees had no less than 613 commandments, and it was a matter of dispute as to which one was the greatest. Now there were 612 chances of catching the Nazarene. But they did not succeed. Jesus made them to understand that if there was any good in any of the 613 it was found in the ten commandments and these could be summed up in a few little words. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind; this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' In other words, those 612 commandments are summed up in one word, Love.

The greatness of this truth overwhelmed them and we read that "they said nothing." This was indeed the first and greatest commandment; great because it summed up all the good laws of morality in the world; great because it shall stand forever and ever. They were silenced. What is your answer? We must acknowledge that we have not kept this law in its fullest extent. We stand condemned as sinners, for "sin is transgression of the law." What shall we do? Flee to Christ, who first loved us. And the more we dwell on the love of Christ to us, the more we think of His mercy in offering His life for us poor sinners, the more we will be filled with love for Him and to our fellow-man.

## Grip, Influenza

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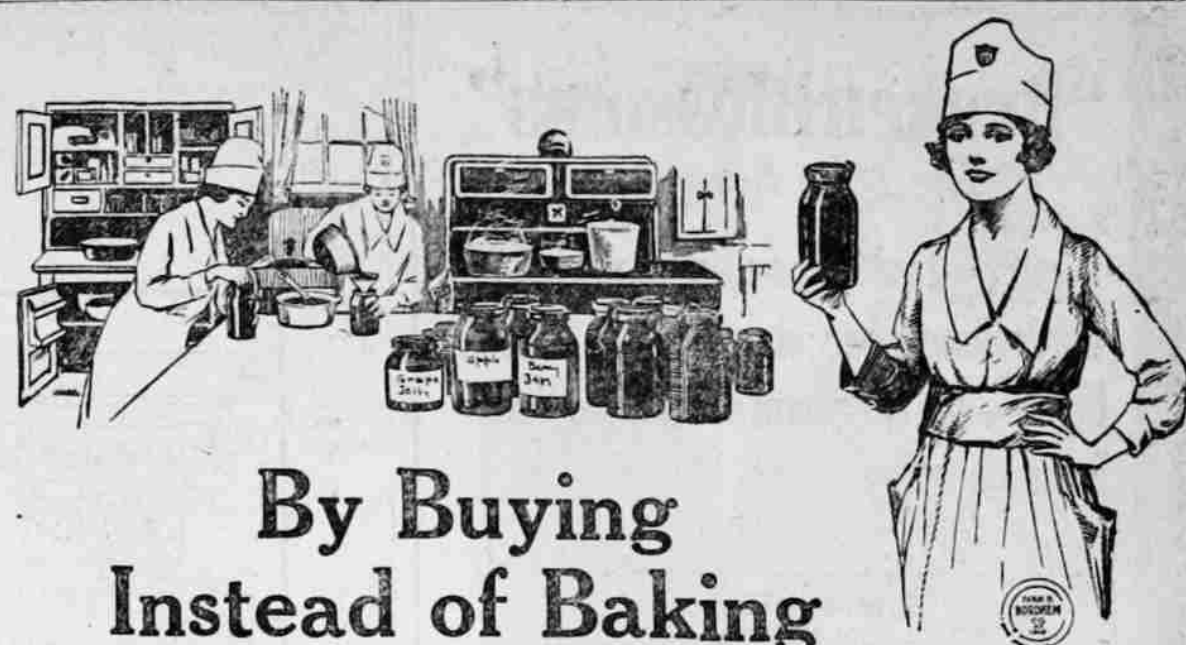
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Ever constipated or have sick headache? Just try Wizard Liver Whips, pleasant little pink pills, 30c at druggists. Guaranteed.

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## BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dr. Ray Palmer preached Sunday morning on "Death Abolished Through Jesus Christ." Text, 2nd Timothy 1:10: "Our Savior, Jesus Christ, who abolished death." The speaker said in part: "One of the supreme missions of the Son of Death is a fearful reality. His black shadow envelopes the globe. It is the cold-hearted robber who snatches away our dearest treasures. It is the unwelcome guest who forces his hideous form into every home. Death is no respecter of persons. He calls the king from his throne and plants decay in the peasant's breast. He breaks up life's happy dreams and bids us start, alone, on our rugged way. The longest life must inevitably end in death. The brevity and the uncertainty of life impress upon the mind in the midst of seeming perfect health one may be called away. Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt were all summoned to meet God in an unexpected moment. At the time of our Savior's birth, the millions of the earth were bound by the fetters of the fear of death. They built gigantic monuments to hold their soon to be forgotten dust. Death today has seemed more terrible than ever before, since more than seven millions of men have died upon the world's battle fields. All nations have been brought face to face with death as never before since time began. Never before has there been such an intense longing to know something of that mysterious life beyond the grave. Never before has science so exerted itself that, if possible, it might ascertain something about that strange existence in the Silent Land. There is a more intense desire to know more about that life beyond since the world is making such marvelous progress in every other realm of thought and knowledge. Men are saying: 'If we can know so much about a world of other things, why may we not know about eternity?' Men are asking: 'Is life worth while?' If, at last, whether in mid-ocean or near the farther shore, a wreck must mark each life as dark as can be woven by the warp and woof of life, and death? Is it worth while to toil on, carrying the load of life, only to go to pieces a last through an effort at living? All of these heart questions become all the more absorbing when we remember the silence of the grave. The mightiest roar of thunder can not awake the dead. The most violent earthquake could never arouse them from their sleep. I stood at the resting place of Edgar Allen Poe in



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Baltimore. I visited the tomb of General Ulysses S. Grant in New York City; I stood at Mount Vernon and looked into the sepulchre of George Washington. I listened, but up from those tombs there came no sound. I went to mother's grave. I had not seen that sacred spot since I was 4 years of age. I stood alone with bowed, uncovered head. My tears fell fast. I cried: "Mother, Oh, Mother," but that voice was silent; those lips that had been pressed to mine—those lips that called me "dearest," had long since returned to dust. Thus the world has no true philosophy without Jesus Christ.

men to call upon the name of Jehovah." Go back in the profane history as far as possible, among whatever race and you will find men praying. Travel today to the ends of the earth wherever man is found and you will find him praying in some

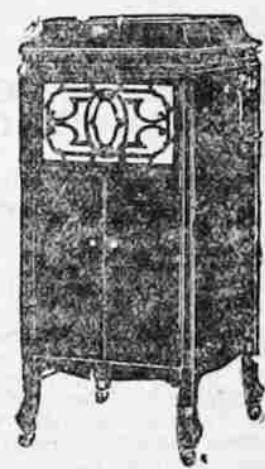
crude way to something, it may be the sun, or to the mountains, to some god he has made with his own hands, to the "unknown god," in fact he may not know to what he is praying, nevertheless he prays. Then return to our

(Continued on Page 6.)

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